

Thomas The Tank Engine & Friends Season 1 Transcript

Thomas and Gordon

Thomas is a tank engine, who lives at a big station on the Island of Sodor. He's a cheeky little engine with six small wheels, a short stumpy funnel, a short stumpy boiler and a short stumpy dome.

He's a fussy little engine too always pulling coaches about ready for the big engines to take on long journeys. And when trains come in, he pulls the empty coaches away so that the big engines can go and rest.

Thomas thinks no engine works as hard as he does. He loves playing tricks on them, including Gordon the biggest and proudest engine of all. Thomas likes whistling rudely at him. "Wake up lazy bones! Why don't you work hard like me?"

One day after pulling the big Express, Gordon had arrived back at the sidings very tired. He was just going to sleep when Thomas came up in his cheeky way, "Wake up lazy bones do some hard work for a change. You can't catch me." And off he ran laughing. Instead of going to sleep again, Gordon thought how he could get back at Thomas. One morning Thomas wouldn't wake up. His driver and fireman couldn't make him start. His fire went out and there was not enough steam. It was nearly time for the Express. People were waiting but the coaches weren't ready.

At last Thomas started

Oh dear. Oh, dear.

He fussed into the station where Gordon was waiting. "Hurry up you" said Gordon. "Hurry yourself" replied. Thomas. Gordon began making his plan. "Yes," said Gordon, "I will." And almost before the coaches had stopped moving, Gordon reversed quickly and was coupled to the train. Get in quickly please he whistled. Thomas usually pushed behind the big trains to help them start, but he was always uncoupled first. This time Gordon started so quickly they forgot to uncouple Thomas. Gordon's chance had come.

"Come on, come on." puffed Gordon to the coaches.

The train went faster and faster. too fast for Thomas. He wanted to stop but he couldn't "Peep peep! Stop, stop!" "Hurry, hurry, hurry," laughed Gordon. "You can't get away. You can't get away" laughed the coaches.

Poor Thomas was going faster than he had ever gone before. He was out of breath and his wheels hurt him but he had to go on. "I shall never be the same again," He thought sadly, "my wheels will be quite worn out."

At last they stopped at a station.

Thomas was uncoupled, and he felt very silly and exhausted. Next he went onto a turntable thinking of everyone laughing at him

And then he ran onto a siding out of the way. "Well, little Thomas," chuckled Gordon, "now you know what hard work means. Don't you?" Poor Thomas couldn't answer. He has no breath. He just puffed slowly away to rest and had a long long drink. He went home very slowly. And was careful afterwards never to be cheeky to Gordon again.

Edward and Gordon

One day Edward was in the shed where he lived with the other engines. They were all bigger than Edward and boasted about it. "The driver won't choose you again," said Gordon, "he wants strong engines like us."

But the driver and firemen felt sorry for Edward.

"Would you like to come out today?" "Oh, yes, please" said Edward, so they lit his fire made lots of steam and Edward puffed away.

The other engines were very cross at being left behind.

Edward worked hard all day. The coaches thought he was very kind and the driver was very pleased.

"I'm going out again tomorrow," Edward told the other engines that night, "what do you think of that?" But he didn't hear what they thought, for he was so tired and happy that he fell asleep at once. Next morning Edward woke up to find nothing had changed. Gordon was still boasting.

"You watch me little Edward, as I rush through with the Express. That will be a splendid sight for you. Goodbye, little Edward. Look out for me this afternoon."

Edward went off to do some shunting.

Edward liked shunting. It was fun playing with trucks. He would come up quietly and give them a push. Then he would stop and the silly trucks would go bump into each other. "Oh," they cried.

"Whatever is happening?"

Edward played till there were no more trucks. Then he stopped to rest. Presently he heard a whistle. Gordon was very cross. Instead of nice shining coaches. He was pulling a lot of very dirty trucks. "A goods train. A goods train. A goods train." He grumbled "the shame of it. the shame of oh the shame of it." Edward laughed and went to find some more trucks. Then there was trouble. "Gordon can't get up the hill!" the porter called to Edward's driver. "Would you take Edward and push him please?" They found Gordon halfway up and very cross. His driver and fireman were talking to him severely. "You're not trying." "I can't do it," said Gordon "the noisy trucks hold an engine back so." Edward's driver came up. "We've come to push." "No use at all" said Gordon. "You wait and see" replied Edward's driver.

They brought the train back to the bottom of the hill.

"I'm ready!" said Edward "No good!" grumbled Gordon. They pulled and pushed as hard as they could.

"I can't do it. I can't do it. I can't do it." Gordon, "I will do it. I will do it. I will do it." puffed Edward. Edward pushed and puffed and puffed and pushed as hard as ever he could. And almost before he realised it, Gordon found himself at the top of the hill. "I've done it. I've done it. I've done it." He said, proudly. He forgot all about Edward and didn't wait to say thank you.

Edward was left out of breath and far behind.

He ran on to the next station. And there he found that the driver and fireman were very pleased with him. The fireman gave him a nice long drink and the driver said, "I'll get out my paint tomorrow and give you a beautiful coat of blue with red stripes. Then you will be the smartest engine in the shed."

The Sad Story of Henry

Once an engine attached to a train was afraid of a few drops of rain. It went into a tunnel and squeaked through its funnel and wouldn't come out again.

The engine's name is Henry. His driver and fireman argued with him, but he would not move.

"The rain will spoil my lovely green paint and red stripes" he said. The guard blew his whistle till he had no more breath and waved his flag till his arms ached, but Henry still stayed in the tunnel and blue steam at him. "I'm not going to spoil my lovely green paint and red stripes for you."

Then, along came Sir Topham Hatt. The man in charge of all the engines on Sodor. They call him Fat Controller.

"We will pull you out," said The Fat Controller, but Henry only blew steam at him. Everyone pulled except The Fat Controller because he said "My doctor has forbidden me to pull." But still Henry stayed in the tunnel.

Then they tried pushing from the other end.

The Fat Controller said "123 push!" But he didn't help. "My doctor has forbidden me to push" he said they pushed and pushed and pushed, but still Henry stayed in the tunnel. At last Thomas came along, the guard waved his red flag and stopped him. Everyone argued with Henry. "Look, it has stopped raining" they said. "Yes, but it will begin again soon," said Henry, "and what would become of my green paint with red stripes then?"

Thomas pushed and puffed and pushed as hard as ever he could.

But still Henry stayed in the tunnel.

Eventually, even The Fat Controller gave up. "We shall take away your rails," he said, "and leave you here for always and always and always." They took up the old rails and built a wall in front of him so Henry couldn't get out of the tunnel anymore.

All he could do was watch the trains rushing through the other tunnel. He was very sad because he thought no one would ever see his lovely green paint with red stripes again. As time went on, Edward and Gordon would often pass by.

Edward would say, "Peep peep! Hello."

And Gordon would say "Poop poop poop! Serves you right." Poor Henry had no steam to answer. His fire had gone out. Soot and dirt from the tunnel had spoiled his lovely green paint and red stripes anyway. He wondered if he would ever be allowed to pull trains again. But I think he deserved his punishment. Don't you?

Edward, Gordon and Henry

Gordon always pulled the big express. He was proud of being the only engine strong enough to do so. It was full of important people like The Fat Controller, and Gordon was seeing how fast he could go. "Hurry, hurry, hurry," he said. "Trickety tock, trickety tock, trickety tock!" said the coaches. In a minute Gordon would see the tunnel where Henry stood bricked up and lonely. "Oh dear," thought Henry, "why did I worry about rain spoiling my lovely coat of paint? Will the Fat Controller ever forgive me and let me out again?" "I'm going to poop poop at Henry" said Gordon.

He was almost there when

And here was Gordon going slower and slower in a cloud of steam. His driver stoped the train. "What has happened to me?" asked Gordon, "I feel so weak." "You've burst your safety valve," said the driver, "you can't pull the train anymore." "Oh, dear," said Gordon, "we were going so nicely too. And look, there's Henry laughing at me."

Everyone came to see Gordon

"Huh!" said The Fat Controller. "I never liked these big engines, always going wrong. Send for another engine at once!" While the guard went to find one, they uncoupled Gordon, who had enough puff to slink onto the siding out of the way.

Edward was the only engine left. "I'll come and try!" he said.

"Huh!" said Gordon,

"That's no use. Edward can't push the train!"

Edward puffed and pushed and pushed and puffed, but he couldn't move the heavy coaches.

"I told you so," said Gordon.

"Why not let Henry try?"

"Yes," said The Fat Controller. "I will."

"Will you help pull this train, Henry?" he asked.

"Oh yes," said

Henry.

When Henry had got up steam, he puffed out. He was dirty and covered with cobwebs. "Oh I'm stiff. I'm stiff" he groaned. "Have a run to ease your joints and find a turntable." said The Fat Controller

When Henry came back he felt much better.

Then they coupled him up.

"Peep peep!" said Edward "I'm ready!" "Peep peep peep!" said Henry, "so am I! Pull hard. We'll do it. Pull hard. We'll do it." They puffed together.

"We've done it together. We've done it together."

said Edward and Henry.

"You've done it Hooray! You've done it Hooray!" sang the coaches. Everyone was excited. The Fat Controller leaned out of the window to wave at Edward and Henry, but the train was going so fast. That his hat blew off into a field where a goat ate it for tea. They never stopped till they came to the station at the end of the line. The passengers all said "thank you." And The Fat Controller promised Henry a new coat of paint. On their way home Edward Henry helped Gordon back to the shed. All three engines are now great friends. Henry doesn't mind the rain

now. He knows that the best way to keep his paint nice is not to run into tunnels, but to ask his driver to rub him down when the day's work is over.

Thomas' Train

Thomas the Tank Engine was grumbling to the other engines. "I spend my time pulling coaches about ready for you to take out on journeys." The other engines laughed. "Why can't I pull passenger trains too?" "You're too impatient," they said, "you'd be sure to leave something behind." "Rubbish," said Thomas. "I'll show you."

One night he and Henry were alone.

Henry was ill. The men worked hard, but he didn't get better.

He felt just as bad next morning. Henry usually pulled the first train and Thomas had to get his coaches ready. "If Henry is ill," he thought, "perhaps I shall pull his train."

Thomas ran to find the coaches.

"Come along, come along," he fussed.

"There's plenty of time there's plenty of time" they grumbled. Thomas took them to the platform and wanted to run round in front at once.

But his driver wouldn't let him

"Don't be impatient Thomas." Thomas waited and waited. People got in the guard and station master walked up and down the porter banged the doors and still Henry didn't come. Thomas got more and more excited. The Fat Controller came to see what was the matter and the guard and the station master told him about Henry "Find another engine" he ordered the "There's only Thomas." they said "You'll have to do it then Thomas. Be quick now." So Thomas ran round to the front and backed down on the coaches ready to start. "Don't be impatient," said his driver.

"Wait till everything is ready." But Thomas was too excited to listen

What happened then, no one knows.

Perhaps they forgot to couple Thomas to the train. Or perhaps the driver pulled the lever by mistake. Anyhow, Thomas started. As he passed the first signal box men waved and shouted, but he didn't stop. "They're waving because I'm such a splendid engine." He thought importantly. "Henry says it's hard to pull trains, but I think it's easy. Hurry, hurry, hurry." He puffed, pretending to be like Gordon. "People have never seen me pulling a train before. It's nice of them to wave." and he whistled "Peep peep! Thank you."

Then he came to a signal at danger. "Bother," he thought "I must stop and I was going so nicely too. What a nuisance signals are." He blew an angry "Peep peep!" on his whistle. The signalman ran up. "Hello, Thomas," He said, "what are you doing here?" "I'm pulling a train," said Thomas, "Can't you see?" "Where are your coaches then?" Thomas looked back. "Why bless me," he said, "if we haven't left them behind." "Yes, said the signalman, you'd better go back quickly and fetch them." Poor Thomas was so sad he nearly cried. "Cheer up," said his driver, "let's go back quickly and try again."

At the station all the passengers were talking at once. They were telling The Fat Controller What a bad railway it was. But when Thomas came back, they saw how sad he was and couldn't be cross. He was coupled to the train and this time he really pulled it.

But for a long time afterwards the other engines laughed at Thomas and said, "Look, there's Thomas who wanted to pull a train but forgot about the coaches!"

Thomas and the Trucks

Thomas the Tank Engine wouldn't stop being a nuisance. Night after night he kept the other engines awake. "I'm tired of pushing coaches. I want to see the world." The other engines didn't take much notice for Thomas was a little engine with a long tongue.

But one night Edward came to the shed. He was a kind little engine and felt sorry for Thomas. "I've got some trucks to take home tomorrow. If you take them instead of me, I'll push coaches in the yard." "Thank you," said Thomas, "that will be nice." Next morning, Edward and Thomas asked their drivers when they said yes, Thomas ran off happily to find trucks.

Now trucks are silly and noisy. They talk a lot and don't attend to what they are doing, and I'm sorry to say they play tricks on an engine who is not used to them. Edward knew all about trucks. He warned Thomas to be careful, but Thomas was too excited to listen.

The shunter fastened the coupling, and when the signal dropped, Thomas was ready. The guard blew his whistle "Peep peep!" answered Thomas and started off. But the trucks weren't ready.

"Oh oh oh!" they screamed, "Wait, Thomas! Wait!" But Thomas wouldn't wait. "Come on. Come on." He puffed. "All right. All right. Don't fuss All right, don't fuss" grumbled the trucks.

Thomas began going faster and faster. "Whee!" he whistled as he rushed through Henry's tunnel.

"Hurry, hurry" called Thomas. He was feeling very proud of himself but the trucks grew crosser and crosser. At last Thomas slowed down as he came to Gordon's Hill.

"Steady now, steady" warned the driver as they reached the top. He began to put on the brakes "We're stopping, we're stopping." called Thomas. "No, no, no, no" answered the trucks bumping into each other. "Go on, go on." Before the driver could stop them they had pushed Thomas down the hill and were rattling and laughing behind him. Thomas tried hard to stop them from making him go too fast. "Stop pushing, stop pushing" he hissed, but the trucks took no notice. "Go on, go on." They giggled in their silly way.

"There's the station! Oh dear! What shall I do?!" He cried. He rattled straight through and swerved into the goods yard. Thomas shut his eyes. "I must stop." When he opened his eyes he saw he had stopped just in front of the buffers.

Watching him was Fat Controller.

"What're you doing here Thomas?" He asked.

"I brought Edward's trucks." Thomas answered. "Why did you come so fast?" "I didn't mean to, I was pushed" said Thomas. "You've got a lot to learn about trucks then little Thomas. After pushing them about here for a few weeks you'll know almost as much about them as Edward then you will be a really useful engine."

Thomas and the Breakdown Train

Every day The Fat Controller came to the station to catch his train. "Hello," he always said to Thomas, "remember, don't be impatient Thomas. You could never be as strong and fast as Gordon. But you can be a really useful engine. Don't let the silly trucks tease you." There were lots of trucks and Thomas worked very hard pushing and pulling them into place. There was also a small coach and two strange things his driver called cranes. "That's the breakdown train," He told Thomas, "the cranes are for lifting heavy things like engines and coaches and trucks." One day, Thomas was in the yard. Suddenly he heard an engine whistling "Help, help!" A goods train came rushing through much too fast.

The engine was James and he was frightened. His brake blocks were on fire. "They're pushing me! They're pushing me!" he panted. "On on on!" laughed the trucks still whistling "Help help!" poor James disappeared. "I'd like to teach those trucks a lesson." said Thomas the Tank Engine. Soon came the alarm. "James is off the line the breakdown train quickly!"

Thomas was coupled on and off they went.

Thomas worked his hardest "Hurry, hurry, hurry," he puffed. He wasn't pretending to be like Gordon. He really meant it. "Bother those trucks and their tricks. I hope poor James isn't hurt." James's driver and fireman were feeling him all over to see if he was hurt. "Nevermind James," they said, "it wasn't your fault. It was those wooden brakes they gave you. We always said they were no good." Thomas pushed the break down train alongside. Then he pulled the unhurt trucks out of the way. "Oh dear. Oh dear." They groaned "Serves you right. Serves you right!" puffed Thomas.

He was hard at work huffing backwards and forwards all afternoon. "This will teach you a lesson. This will teach you a lesson" he told the trucks and they answered "Yes it will. Yes it will."

They left the broken trucks. Then with two cranes they put James back on the rails.

He tried to move but he couldn't so Thomas helped him back to the shed.

The Fat Controller was waiting anxiously for them.

"Well Thomas," he said, "I've heard all about it and I'm very pleased with you. You're a really useful engine. James shall have some proper brakes and a new coat of paint and you shall have a branch line all to yourself." "Oh, thank you sir," said Thomas. Now Thomas is as happy as can be. He has a branch line and two coaches called Annie and Clarabel. He puffs proudly backwards and forwards with them all day.

He is never lonely Edward and Henry stop quite often and tell him the news. Gordon is always in a hurry, but never forgets to say "Poop poop!" And Thomas always whistles "Peep peep!" in return.

James and the Coaches

James was enjoying his life on the island of Sodor but he still had a lot to learn. "You're a special mixed-traffic engine," said The Fat Controller, "you can pull coaches or trucks quite easily, but you must learn by your mistakes." James knew what the Fat Controller meant. He could well remember that dreadful accident on his first day. "Be careful with the coaches James," said Edward, "they don't like being bumped." Everyone came to admire James. "I'm a really splendid engine" he thought and suddenly let off steam. A shower of water fell on the Fat Controller's nice new top hat. Just then the guard blew his whistle and James thought they had better go. "Go on. Go on." he puffed to Edward. "Don't push don't push" replied Edward. The coaches were grumbling too "Don't go so fast. Don't go so fast." But James didn't listen

When at last they stopped at the next station two coaches were beyond the platform. They had to go back to let the passengers out. No-one seemed to know about the Fat Controller's top hat so James felt happier. Presently they came to the station where Thomas was waiting with his two coaches. "Hello James," said Thomas, "feeling better? That's right. Oh, that's my guard's whistle I must go. I don't know what The Fat Controller would do without me to run this branch line" and he puffed off importantly. Edward and James passed the field where James had had his accident, the fence was mended and the cows were back again.

They ended their journey and rested before setting off for home. James was still wondering what The Fat Controller would have to say about his top hat.

Next morning, The Fat Controller spoke severely to him. "If you can't behave I shall take away your red coat and have you painted blue." James didn't like that at all. He was very rough with the grumbling coaches as he brought them to the platform. "Don't talk Come on," he called to them. "Gordon never has to fetch his own coaches," he thought to himself, "and he's only painted blue." To make James even more cross this time no-one came near him. "I'll show them," he thought, "they think Gordon is the only engine you can pull coaches."

"Hurry Hurry hurry!" puffed James. "You're going too fast. You're going too fast!" replied the coaches. James laughed and tried to go faster but the coaches wouldn't let him. "We're going to stop." they said "We're going to stop."

"What's the matter?" James asked his driver. "The brakes are hard on. Leak in the pipe most likely. You've banged the coaches enough to make a leak in anything." "How shall we mend it?" said the guard. "We'll do it with newspaper and a leather boot lace," replied the driver. "Well, where is the bootlace coming from?" asked the guard. "Ask the passengers" said the driver. "You have a leather boot lace there I see, sir," said the guard, to a smartly dressed man, "please give it to me." "I won't." said the man. "Then," said the guard, "I'm afraid the train will just stop where it is." The passengers all said what a bad railway it was then they told the man how bad he was instead. Everyone was very cross. At last he handed his laces over. The driver tied a pad of newspaper tightly around the hole in the brake pipe and James was able to pull the train. But he was a sadder and wiser James and took care never to bump coaches again.

Troublesome Trucks

James had not seen The Fat Controller for several days. He was left alone for being naughty, and was not even allowed out to push coaches and trucks in the yard. "Oh dear," he thought, "I shall have to stay in the shed for always and no one will see my red coat again. All because I went so fast I made a hole in one of my coaches that had to be mended with, of all things, a passenger's boot lace." At last The Fat Controller arrived. "I see you are sorry, James." He said. "I hope now that you will be a better engine. You have given me a lot of trouble. People are laughing at my railway and I don't like that at all." "I'm very sorry sir," said James. "I will try hard to behave." "That's a good engine," said The Fat Controller. "I want you to pull some trucks for me." James was delighted and puffed away.

"Here're your trucks James" said, Thomas, "have you got some boot laces ready?" and he ran off laughing. "Oh oh oh!" said the trucks, "we want a proper engine, not a red monster!" James took no notice and started as soon as the guard was ready. "Come along, come along" he puffed. "We won't, we won't" screamed the trucks. But James didn't care and he pulled a screeching trucks sternly out of the station.

The trucks tried hard to make him give up, but he still kept on. Sometimes their brakes would slip on. And sometimes their axles would run hot and each time the trouble had to be put right. And each time James would start again, determined not to let them beat him.

"Give up give up, you can't pull us, you can't you can't" called the trucks. "I can I will. I can and I will" puffed James and slowly but surely he pulled them along the line. At last they saw, Gordon's Hill, "look out for trouble, James" warned his driver "we'll go fast and get them up before they know it. Don't let them stop you." So James went faster and soon they were halfway up. "I'm doing it. I'm doing it." He panted. "Will look top never come?" then, with a sudden jerk, it all came easier. "I've done it. I've done it" he puffed. "Hurray, it's easy now." But his driver shut off steam "They done it again. We've left our tail behind Look." The last trucks were running backwards down the hill. The coupling had snapped, but the guards stopped the trucks and got out to warn approaching engines. "That's why it was easy," said James, as he back the other trucks carefully down, "what silly things trucks are. There might have been an accident." "Shall I help you James?" called Edward "No thank you" answered James, "I'll pull them myself." "Good. Don't let them beat you. You're doing well." whisted Edward as James slowly struggled up the hill. "I can do it. I can do it." he puffed. He pulled and puffed as hard as he could.

"I've done it. I've done it." he panted.

They reached their station safely and James was resting in the yard when Edward pulled up. "Peep peep!" he whistled. Then James saw The Fat Controller. "Oh dear, what will he say?" he asked himself. But The Fat Controller was smiling. "I was in Edward's train and I saw everything," he said, "you've made the most Troublesome Trucks on the line behave. After that, you deserve to keep your red coat."

James and the Express

One night, Henry and Gordon were alone with James. Although The Fat Controller was beginning to think well of him whenever a chance came the other engines would talk of nothing but bootlaces. "Remember the time one had to be used to get you out of trouble James" they would tease. James tried to get his own back talking about engines who got shut up in tunnels and stuck on hills, but they wouldn't listen. "You talk too much little James," said Gordon, "a fine a strong engine like me has something to talk about. I am the only engine who can pull the Express. When I'm not there they need two engines. Think of that! I've pulled expresses for years, and have never once lost my way. I seem to know the right line by instinct." Every wise engine knows, of course, that the signalman works the points to make engines run on the right lines but Gordon was so proud he had forgotten. "Wake up, James," said Gordon next morning, "it's nearly time for the express. What are you doing, odd jobs? Ah well we all have to begin somewhere don't we? Run along now and get my coaches. Don't be late!" James went to get Gordon's coaches. They were all shining with lovely new paint. He was careful not to bump them and they followed him smoothly into the station singing happily "we're going away we're going away." "I wish I was going with you," said James, "I should do love to pull the express and go flying along the line." Gordon with much noise and blowing your steam got ready to back onto the train.

The Fat Controller was on the train with other important people and as soon as they heard the guard's whistle Gordon started. "Look at me now look at me now" he puffed and the coaches glided after him. "Poop poop poop poop poop. Goodbye little James. See you tomorrow." James watched the train disappear and then went back to work. He pushed some trucks into their proper sidings and went to fetch the coaches for another train. James had just brought the coaches to the platform when he heard a mournful noise. There was Gordon trying to sidle into the station without being noticed. "Hello, Gordon. Is it tomorrow?" asked James Gordon didn't answer, he just let off steam feebly. "Did you lose your way Gordon?" said James. "No, it was lost for me. I was switched off the main line onto the loop. I had to go all round and back again." "Perhaps it was instinct." said James. Meanwhile, all the passengers hurry to the booking office. "We want our money back!" they shouted, but The Fat Controller climbed on a trolley and blew the guard's whistle so loudly that they also stopped to look at him. Then he promised them a new train at once. "Gordon can't do it," he said, "will you pull it for us James?" "Yes sir, I'll try."

So James was coupled on and everyone got in. "Do your best James" said The Fat Controller. "Come along, Come along" puffed James, "You're pulling us well! You're pulling as well!" sang the coaches.

Bridges and stations flashed by, the passengers cheered and they soon reached the station. Everyone said thank you to James and The Fat Controller was very impressed. "Well done," He said, "would you like to pull the Express sometimes?" "Yes, please" answered, James. Next day when James came by Gordon was pushing trucks. "I like some quiet work for a change," he said, "I'm teaching these trucks manners. You did well with those coaches I hear. Good. We'll show them!" and he gave his trucks a bump. James and Gordon are now good friends. James sometimes takes the express to give Gordon a rest. Gordon never talks about bootlaces, and they are both quite agreed on the subject of trucks.

Thomas and the Guard

Thomas the Tank Engine is very proud of his branch line. He thinks it's the most important part of the whole railway. His two coaches Annie and Clarabel agree with him. Annie can only take passengers but Clarabel can take passengers luggage and the guard. They are both old and need new paint but Thomas loves them very much.

As they run backwards and forwards along the line, they sing songs to each other. When Thomas starts from a station he sings "Oh, come along, we're rather late. Oh, come along, we're rather late." And the coaches sing

"We're coming along, we're coming along!"

They don't mind what Thomas says to them because they know he is trying to please the Fat Controller. And they know too, that if Thomas's cross he's not cross with them. One day they had to wait for Henry's train, which made Thomas very cross. "How can I run my line properly if Henry is always late? He doesn't realise that The Fat Controller depends on me."

Thomas whistled impatiently.

He wanted to leave but he had to wait for Henry's passengers.

At last Henry came.

"Where have you been lazy bones? asked Thomas. "Oh dear. My system is out of order. No-one understands my case. You don't know watch I suffer" moaned Henry. "Rubbish!" said Thomas.

"You're too fat you need exercise." The guard blew his whistle and Thomas started so quickly that he left him behind. The guard waved his red flag to stop Thomas but he was well on his way steaming out of the station. "Come along, come along!" puffed Thomas, but Clarabel didn't want to come. "I've lost my nice Guard. I've lost my nice Guard," she sobbed Annie tried to tell Thomas what had happened. "We haven't a guard! We haven't a guard!" but he was hurrying and wouldn't listen.

Annie and Clarabel tried to put on their brakes, but they couldn't without the guard. "Where is our guard? Where is our guard?" they cried but Thomas didn't stop till they came to a signal. "Bother that signal," said Thomas. "What's the matter?" "I don't know," said his driver, "the guard will tell us in a minute." They waited and waited but the guard didn't come. "Peep peep peep peep. Where is the guard?" whistled Thomas. "We've left him behind!" sobbed Annie and Clarabel together. Everyone looked and there was the guard running as fast as he could along the line with his flags in one hand and his whistle in the other. He was very hot. So he had a drink. Then told them all about it.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. guard." said Thomas.

It wasn't your fault, Thomas. He replied. Look, the signal is down. We can go let's make up for lost time.

Annie and Clarabel were so pleased to have their guard again, that they sang "As fast as you like! As fast as you like!" to Thomas all the way They reached the end of the line quicker than ever before.

Thomas Goes Fishing

When Thomas puffed along his branch line, he always looked forward to something special. The sight of the river.

As he rumbled over the bridge, he would see people fishing. Thomas often wanted to stay and watch, but his driver said, "No. What would The Fat Controller say if we were late?" Every time he met another engine he would say, "I want to fish." But they all have the same answer.

"Engines don't go fishing." "Silly stick in the muds" thought Thomas. One day he stopped as usual to take in water at the station by the river "Out of order? Bother!" said Thomas, "I'm thirsty!" "Nevermind," said his driver, "we'll get some water from the river."

They found a bucket and some rope and went to the bridge.

Then the driver let the bucket down to the water. The bucket was old and had five holes. So they had to fill it, pull it up and empty it into Thomas's tank as quickly as they could, several times over.

They finished at last. "That's good. That's good" puffed Thomas and Annie and Clarabel ran happily behind.

Suddenly, Thomas began to feel a pain in his boiler. Steam began to hiss from his safety valve in an alarming way. "There's too much steam!" said his driver. "Oh dear," groaned Thomas. "I'm going to burst. I'm going to burst!" They damped down his fire and struggled on. "I've got such a pain. I've got such a pain." Thomas hissed.

They stopped just outside the last station, uncoupled Annie and Clarabel and ran Thomas, who was still hissing fit to burst on a siding right out of the way.

Then while the guard telephoned for an engine Inspector, the driver found notices in large letters, which he hung on Thomas in front and behind. 'Danger Keep away'. Soon the inspector and The Fat Controller arrived. "Cheer up Thomas," they said, "we'll soon put you right." The driver told them what had happened. "So the feed pipe is blocked," said the inspector, "I'll just look in the tanks." He climbed up and peered in. Then he came down. "Excuse me, sir, please look in the tank and tell me what you see." "Certainly, inspector" replied The Fat Controller. He clambered up, looked in and nearly fell off in surprise. "Inspector," he whispered.

"Can you see... Fish?"

[O face sound]

"Gracious goodness me. How did the fish get there driver?" "We must have fished them from the river with our bucket," replied Thomas's driver. "Well, Thomas, so you and your driver have been fishing. But fish don't suit you. We must get them out." They all took turns at fishing in Thomas's tank, while the Fat Controller looked down and told them how to do it. When they had caught all the fish, they had a lovely picnic supper of fish and chips. [Mmm] "That was good," said the Fat Controller, "but fish don't suit you, Thomas so you mustn't do it again." "No, sir. I won't," said Thomas sadly, "engines don't go fishing. It's too uncomfortable."

Thomas, Terence and the Snow

Autumn had come to the island of Sodor. The fields were changing from yellow stubble to brown earth and a tractor was hard at work as Thomas puffed along.

Later Thomas saw the tractor close by. "Hello," said the tractor, "I'm Terence, 'I am ploughing!' 'I'm Thomas I'm pulling a train. What ugly wheels you've got.'" "They're not ugly. They're caterpillars" said Terence. "I can go anywhere. I don't need rails." "I don't want to go anywhere," said Thomas, "I like my rails. Thank you." Winter came with dark clouds full of snow. "I don't like it," said Thomas's driver, "a heavy fall is coming. I hope it doesn't stop us." "Huh!" Said Thomas, "soft stuff nothing to it." and he puffed on feeling cold but confident. They finished their journey safely but by now the country was covered. "You'll need your snow plough for the next journey Thomas" said his driver. "Huh! Snow is silly, soft stuff. It won't stop me." The snow plough was heavy and uncomfortable and made Thomas cross. He shook it and he banged it and when they got back it was so damaged that the driver had to take it off. "You're very naughty engine." he said to Thomas. Next morning, Thomas's driver and fireman came early and worked hard to mend the snow plough, but they couldn't make it fit. Thomas was pleased "I shan't have to wear it! I shan't have to wear it!" But they were rather worried. "I hope it's all right! I hope it's all right!" they whispered to each other. The driver was worried too. "It's not bad here," he said to the fireman, "but it's sure to be deep in the valley."

"Silly soft stuff!" puffed Thomas

"I didn't need that stupid old thing yesterday and I shan't today. Snow can't stop me!" He rushed into a tunnel thinking how clever he was. But there was trouble ahead. "Cinders and ashes!" said Thomas, "I'm stuck!" And he was. "Back Thomas, back!" said his driver. Thomas tried but his wheels spun and he couldn't move. The guard went back for help, while everyone else tried to dig the snow away. But as fast as they dug more snow slipped down until Thomas was nearly buried. "Oh my wheels and coupling rods. I shall have to stop here. till I'm frozen. What a silly engine I am." and Thomas began to cry.

At last a bus came to rescue the passengers, and then who should come to Thomas's rescue. But Terence Snow never worries him.

He pulled the empty coaches away, then came back for Thomas. Thomas's wheels were clear but still spun when he tried to move. Terence tugged and slipped and slipped and tugged and at last dragged Thomas clear of the snow ready for the journey home.

"Thank you, Terence. Your caterpillars are splendid." said Thomas. "I hope you'll be sensible now Thomas." said his driver. "I'll try." said Thomas and he puffed humbly away.

Thomas and Bertie

Thomas was waiting at a junction when a bus arrived.

"Hello, said Thomas, who are you?" "I'm Bertie. Who are you?" "I'm Thomas. I run this branch line." "So you're Thomas, eh? I remember now, you got stuck in the snow. I took your passengers and Terence the tractor pulled you out. I've come to help you with your passengers today." "Help me?" said Thomas, "I can go faster than you!" "You can't!" said Bertie. "I can!" huffed Thomas. "I'll race you" said Bertie. Their drivers agreed to the race going ahead. The stationmaster said "Are you ready? Go!" Thomas never could go fast at first and Bertie drew in front. "Why don't you go fast? Why don't you go fast?" called Annie and Clarabel "Wait and see! Wait and see!" hissed Thomas. "He's a long way ahead." they wailed. But Thomas didn't mind, he'd remembered the level crossing.

There was Bertie, fuming at the gates while they sailed gaily through goodbye Bertie called Thomas.

After that the road left the railway so they couldn't see Bertie

Then they had to stop at the station to let off passengers. "Peep pip peep! Quickly please called Thomas and off they went again. "Come along, come along!" sang Thomas "We're coming along. We're coming along!" sang Annie and Clarabel. "Hurry, hurry, hurry" panted Thomas. Then he looked ahead. There was Bertie, tooting, triumphantly on his horn. "Oh deary me, oh deary me!" groaned Thomas. "Steady Thomas," said his driver, "we'll be Bertie yet." "We'll be Bertie yet! We'll be Bertie yet!" echoed Annie and Clarabel. "We'll do it, we'll do it." panted Thomas. "Oh, bother! There's a station." Then he heard Bertie. "Goodbye, Thomas. You must be tired. Sorry I can't stop we buses have to work you know. Goodbye!" "Oh, dear," thought Thomas, "we've lost!" but he felt better after a drink. The signal dropped "Hurrah! We're off! Hurrah! We're off!" puffed Thomas.

As they crossed the bridge, they heard an impatient "Honk honk!" There was Bertie waiting at the traffic lights. He started with a roar and chased on after Thomas again. Now Thomas reached his full speed. Bertie tried hard, but Thomas was too fast. Whistling triumphantly he plunged into the tunnel, leaving Bertie toiling far behind.

"I've done it. I've done it." panted Thomas. "We've done it. Hooray! We've done it Hooray!" chanted Annie and Clarabel as they wooshed into the last station.

Everyone was there to celebrate Thomas's victory, but they gave Bertie a big welcome too.

"Well done, Thomas," said Bertie, "that was fun. But to beat you over that hill, I should have to grow wings and be an aeroplane!"

They now keep each other very busy. They often talk about their race, but Bertie's passengers don't like being bounced like peas in a frying pan and The Fat Controller has warned Thomas not to race at dangerous speeds. So although, between you and me, they would like to have another race I don't think they ever will do you?

Tenders and Turntables

Henry and Gordon were lonely when Thomas left the yard to run his branch line. They missed him very much. They had more work to do and had to fetch their own coaches. They didn't like that. James grumbled too "We get no rest, we get no rest!" They all complained. but the coaches only laughed.

"You're lazy and slack, you're lazy and slack!" they answered

All together the engines were causing The Fat Controller a great deal of trouble.

The big stations at both ends of the line each have a turntable. The Fat Controller had made them so that the tender engines can be turned round, because it is dangerous for them to go fast backwards. Tank engines, like Thomas, don't need turntables they can go just as well backwards as forwards. But to hear Gordon talk you would have thought that The Fat Controller had given him a tender just to show how important he was.

"You don't understand little Thomas, we tender engines have a position to keep up. It doesn't matter where you go, but we are important and for The Fat Controller to make us shunt trucks, fetch coaches and go on some of those dirty sidings. It's it's, well, it's not the proper thing."

Thomas chuckled and went off with Annie and Clarabel

"Disgraceful!" Gordon hissed as he ran backwards to the turntable. The turntable was in a windy place close to the sea, and if he was not on it just right he put it out of balance and made it difficult to turn. Today Gordon was in a bad temper and the wind was blowing fiercely. His driver tried to make him stop in the right place, but Gordon wasn't trying. The fireman tried to turn the handle, but Gordon's weight and the strong wind prevented him. "It's no good," they said at last, "your tender upsets the balance. If you were a nice tank engine, you'd be all right. Now you'll have to pull the next train backwards." "Look called some boys, there's a new tank engine. Oh, it's only Gordon back to front." "Hello," called Thomas, "playing tank engines? Sensible engine. Take my advice. Scrap your tender and have a nice bunker." Gordon said nothing. Even James laughed when he saw him. "Take care," hissed Gordon, "you might stick too." "No fear," chuckled James, "I'm not so fat as you!"

"I mustn't stick." thought James. He stopped on just the right place to balance the table. It could now swing easily.

Gordon arrived in time to see everything.

James turned much too easily. The wind puffed him round like a top. He couldn't stop.

"Well, well," said Gordon, "are you playing roundabouts?" Poor James, feeling quite giddy, rolled off to the shed without a word.

That night the three engines had an indignation meeting. "It's shameful to treat tender engines like this. Gordon has to go backwards and people think he's a tank engine. James spins round like a top and everyone laughs at us. And to add to that, The Fat Controller makes us all shunt in dirty, sidings, blegh!" "Listen," said Gordon, he whispered something to the others. "We'll do it tomorrow The Fat Controller will look silly." The engines had decided to go on strike.

Trouble in the Shed

The Fat Controller sat in his office listening to the noise outside. The passengers were angry. The station master came in. "There's trouble in the shed Sir. Henry is sulking, there's no train and the passengers are saying this is a is a bad railway!" "Indeed," said The Fat Controller. "We cannot allow that."

He found Gordon James and Henry looking very cross. "Come along, Henry it's time your train was ready." "Henry's not going," said Gordon, "We won't shunt like common tank engines. That was Thomas's job. We are important tender engines. you fetch our coaches and we will pull them. Tender engines don't shunt!" "Oh, indeed," said The Fat Controller "We'll see about that. Engines on my railway do as they are told." and he hurried away to find Edward. The yard has never been the same since Thomas left to run his branch line he thought sadly.

Edward was shunting "Leave those trucks please Edward," said The Fat Controller, "I want you to push coaches for me in the yard." "Thank you sir. That will be a nice change." "That's a good engine, off you go then."

So Edward found coaches for the three engines and that day the trains ran as usual.

But next morning Edward looked unhappy. Gordon came clanking past hissing rudely. "Bless me," said The Fat Controller "what a noise!" "they all hiss me sir," answered Edward. "They say tender engines don't shunt and last night they said I have black wheels. I haven't have I sir?"

"No, Edward. You have nice blue ones and I'm proud of you. Tender engines do shunt. But all the same we do need another tank engine here."

He went to a workshop and they showed him all sorts of engines. At last he saw a smart little green engine with four wheels. "That's the one." he thought. "If I choose you will you work hard?" "Oh sir. Yes, sir." "That's a good engine. I'll call you Percy." "Yes, sir. Thank you, sir." said Percy and the Fat Controller brought him back to the Yard.

"Edward," He called "Here's Percy. Will you show him everything?" Percy soon learned what he had to do and they had a happy afternoon. Then Henry came by, hissing as usual, [Sheee!] went Percy. Henry jumped and run back to the shed. "How beautifully you wheeshed him," laughed Edward, "I can't wheesh like that!" "Oh," said Percy, "that's nothing you should hear them in the workshop. You have to wheesh loudly to make yourself heard!"

Next morning, Thomas arrived, "The Fat Controller sent for me. I expect he wants help." he said to Edward. "Shh! Here he comes." replied Edward. "Well done, Thomas. You've been quick. Listen, Henry Gordon and James are sulking. They say they won't shunt like common tank engines, so I have shut them up and I want you both to run the line for a while." "Common tank engines indeed?" snorted Thomas. "We'll show them!" "And Percy will help too." "Oh sir, yes, sir. Please, sir." answered Percy.

Edward and Thomas worked the main line greeting each other as they passed by. Percy puffed along the branch line. Thomas was anxious about Annie and Clarabel, but both driver and guard promised to take care of them. There were fewer trains, but the passengers didn't mind. They knew the three other engines were having a lesson.

Gordon, James and Henry were cold, lonely and miserable. They wish now they hadn't been so silly.

Percy Runs Away

Henry, James and Gordon were miserable. They had been shut up for several days for being naughty and longed to be let out again.

At last The Fat Controller arrived. "I hope you are sorry," he said, "and understand that you are not so important after all. We have a new tank engine, called Percy, who helps pull coaches and Thomas and Edward have worked the main line nicely, but I will let you out now if you promise to be good." "Yes sir," said the three engines, "we will." "That's right. But please remember that this no shunting nonsense must stop."

He then told Percy, Edward and Thomas that they could go and play on the branch line for a few days and they ran off happily to find Annie and Clarabel at the junction. The two coaches was so pleased to see Thomas again

Edward and Percy played with trucks. "Stop! Stop! Stop!" screamed the trucks as they were pushed into their proper sidings but the two engines laughed and went on shunting till the trucks were tidily arranged.

Next, Edward took some empty trucks to the quarry. Percy was left alone. He didn't mind that a bit. He liked watching trains and being cheeky to the other engines. "Hurry, hurry, hurry!" he would call and they got very cross.

After a great deal of shunting Percy was waiting for the signalman to set the points so that he could get back to the yard. He was eager to work but was being rather careless and not paying attention. Edward had warned Percy, "Be careful on the main line, whistle to the signalman you are there." But Percy didn't remember to whistle, so the busy signalman forgot him.

Percy waited and waited. The points was still against him so he couldn't move. Then he looked along the main line. "Peep peep!" he whistled in horror for rushing straight towards him was Gordon with the express "Ooorrggh!" groaned Gordon, "Get out of my way!"

Percy opened his eyes. Gordon had stopped with Percy's buffers a few inches from his own, but Percy had begun to move. "I won't stay here. I'll run away he puffed." He went straight through Edward's station and was so frightened that he ran right up Gordon's Hill without stopping After that he was tired, but he couldn't stop. He had no driver to shut off steam and apply the brakes. "I want to stop I want to stop!" He puffed.

The man in the signalbox saw Percy was in trouble. so kindly set the points. Percy puffed wearily onto a nice empty siding ending in a big bank of earth. He was too tired now to care where he went. "I want to stop. I want to stop. I have stopped" he puffed thankfully. "Nevermind Percy," said the workmen, as they dug him out, "you shall have a drink and some coal and then you'll feel better."

Presently Gordon arrived. Well done Percy. You started so quickly that you stopped a nasty accident." "I'm sorry. I was cheeky," said Percy, "you were clever to stop." Then Gordon helped pulled Percy out from the bank. Percy is still cheeky because he is that sort of engine. But he's always most careful when he goes on the main line.

Coal

One morning Henry was feeling very sorry for himself. Sometimes he could pull trains, but sometimes he felt he had no strength at all. "I suffer dreadfully, and no one cares!" "Rubbish, Henry" snorted James, "you don't work hard enough!"

The Fat Controller spoke to him too. "You're too expensive, Henry. You had lots of new parts and new paint too. But they've done you no good. If we can't make you better, we must get another engine instead of you." This made Henry, his driver and his fireman very sad.

The Fat Controller was waiting when Henry came to the platform. He had taken off his hat and coat and put on overalls. Henry managed to start but his fireman was not satisfied. "Henry is a bad steamer," he said to The Fat Controller, "I build up his fire but it doesn't give enough heat." Henry tried very hard but it was no good. He didn't have enough steam and came to a stop outside Edward's station "Oh dear," thought Henry, "I shall have to go away. Oh dear. Oh dear." All he could do is to go slowly onto a siding and Edward took charge of the train.

The Fat Controller and fireman went on discussing Henry's troubles. "What do you think is wrong fireman?" asked The Fat Controller "Excuse me, sir," he answered, "but the fact is the coal is wrong. We've had a poor lot lately and today it's worse. The other engines can manage they have big fireboxes. Henry's is small and can't make the heat. With Welsh coal he'd be a different engine." "It's expensive," said The Fat Controller, "but Henry must have a fair chance. James will go and fetch some."

When the Welsh coal came Henry's driver and firemen were excited. "Now we'll show them Henry old fellow!" They carefully made his fire putting large lumps of coal like a wall around the outside then the glowing middle part was covered with smaller lumps. "You're spoiling my fire!" complained Henry "Wait and see!" said the fireman, "We'll have a roaring fire, just when we want it."

The fireman was right. When Henry reached the platform the water was boiling nicely, and they had to let off steam. "How are you Henry?" "Peep peep!" whistled Henry, "I feel fine." "Have you a good fire driver?" "Never better sir. and plenty of steam." "No record breaking," warned The Fat Controller, "don't push him too hard." "Henry won't need pushing sir. I'll have to hold him back!"

Henry had a lovely day. He had never felt so well in his life. He wanted to go fast, but his driver wouldn't let him. "Steady old fellow," he would say, "there's plenty of time." They arrived early at the station. Thomas puffed in. "Where have you been lazy bones? asked Henry, "Oh, I can't wait for dawdling tank engines like you. Goodbye!" "Whoosh!" said Thomas to Annie and Clarabel, "Have you ever seen anything like it?" Both Annie and Clarabel agreed that they never had.

The Flying Kipper

One winter evening Henry's driver said "We'll be out early tomorrow. We've got to take the Flying Kipper. Don't tell Gordon but I think if we pull the Kipper nicely The Fat Controller will let us pull the Express. The special cold they gave you is working well." "Hurrah!" cried Henry, "that will be lovely."

All kinds of ships use the harbour at the big station by the sea. There are passenger ships, cargo ships and fishing boats also come here. They unload their fish on the quay. Some of it goes to shops in the town, and the rest in a special train to other places far away. This is the train the railway men call the Flying Kipper.

Henry was ready at five o'clock there was snow and frost men hustled and shouted loading the vans with crates a fish. The last door banged, the guard showed his green lamp. The Flying Kipper was ready to go.

"Come on Come on. Don't be silly. Don't be silly." puffed Henry to the vans. The vans shuddered and groaned "trock trick, trock trick! All right, all right." "That is better. That is better." puffed Henry.

Clouds of smoking steam poured from his funnel into the cold air and the fires light shone brightly. "Hurry, hurry, hurry!" panted Henry.

They were going well. The light grew better. signal lights shone green as they passed. Then a yellow signal appeared ahead is driver prepared to stop but the home signal was down. "All clear Henry! Away we go." They couldn't know the points from the main line to a siding were frozen and the home signal should have been set at danger, but snow it forced it down. A goods train was waiting in the siding to let the Flying Kipper pass and the driver and fireman were drinking cocoa in the brake van. "The Kipper is due," said the guard. "Who cares?" said the fireman, "This is good Cocoa." The driver got up, "Come on fireman, back to our engine." They got out just in time.

Henry's driver and fireman had jumped clear before the crash. But Henry lay dazed and surprised.

The Fat Controller came to see him "The signal was down, sir," said Henry, "Cheer up, Henry. It wasn't your fault. Ice and snow caused the accident. I'm sending you to Crewe, a fine place for sick engines. They'll give you a new shape and a larger firebox. You'll feel a different engine and won't need special coal anymore. Won't that be nice?" "Yes, sir." said Henry doubtfully.

Henry like being at Crewe but was glad to come home. A crowd of people waited to see him arrive in his new shape. He looked so splendid and strong that they gave him three cheers.

"Peep peep!" he whistled. "Thank you very much!"

I am sorry to say that a lot of little children are often late for school because they wait to see Henry go by. They often see him pulling the Express. He does it so well the Gordon is jealous. But that's another story.

Whistles and Sneezes

Gordon was cross. "Why should Henry have a new shape?" He grumbled "a shape good enough for me is good enough for him. He goes gallivanting off to Crewe, leaving us to do his work, and comes back saying how happy he feels. It's disgraceful."

"And, there's another thing, Henry whistles too much. No respectable engine ever whistles loudly at stations. It isn't wrong, but we just don't do it." Poor Henry didn't feel happy anymore.

"Nevermind," whispered Percy, "I'm glad you're home again. I like your whistling." "Goodbye, Henry," called. Gordon. "We're glad to have you with us again. But remember what I said."

Later, Henry stopped at Edward's station. "Hello, Henry" said Edward, "you look splendid. I was pleased to hear your happy whistle yesterday."

"Thank you. Edward" smiled Henry.

"Can you hear something? It sounds like Gordon," said Edward, "and it ought to be Gordon. But Gordon never whistles like that." It was Gordon. He came rushing down the hill at a tremendous rate. He didn't look at Henry and he didn't look at Edward. He screamed straight through the station and disappeared.

"Well," said Edward. "It isn't wrong," chuckled Henry, "but we just don't do it." and he told Edward what Gordon had said.

Meanwhile, Gordon screeched along the line. The noise was awful. At the station, everyone held their ears. The Fat Controller held his ears too. "Take him away," he bellowed, "and stop that noise!" Gordon puffed sadly away, but he wouldn't stop whistling until two fitters climbed up and knocked his whistle valve in place.

That night Gordon slunk into the shed. He was glad it was empty. "It isn't wrong," murmured Henry, to no one in particular, "but we just don't do it" No one mentioned whistles.

Next morning, Henry was enjoying himself enormously. "I feel so well I feel so well." he's sang.

"Trickety-trock, Trickety-trock." hummed his coaches. Then he saw some boys on a bridge.

"Peep peep! Hello!" he whistled.

"Oh!" he called. The boys didn't wave and take his number. They thought it fun to drop stones on him instead. "They've broken our Glass! They've broken our glass!" sobbed the coaches.

The passengers weren't hurt, but they were cross "Call the police!" "No," said the driver, "leave it to Henry and me." "What will you do?" they asked. "Can you keep a secret? Yes, yes." "Well then," said the driver, "Henry is going to sneeze at those boys."

Lots of people were waiting at the station just before the bridge. They wanted to see what would happen. "Henry has plenty of ashes," said the driver, "please keep all windows shut till we're past the bridge. Henry is as excited as we are, aren't you old fellow?" Henry was feeling stuffed up. Soon they could see the boys and they all had stones.

"Are you ready, Henry?" said his driver. "Sneeze hard when I tell you. ...NOW!" he said.

"ACHOO-SHOO!"

"Well done, Henry" laughed his driver.

Henry went home very pleased with himself, he had taught Gordon and silly boys a lesson with a whistle and a sneeze.

Toby and the Stout Gentleman

Toby is a tram engine. He has cow catchers and side plates and doesn't look like a steam engine at all. He takes trucks from farms and villages to the main line and is cheerful to everyone he meets.

He has a coach called Henrietta, who has seen better days. "It's not fair at all," she grumbles, remembering that she used to be full and nine trucks would rattle behind her.

Now there are only three or four for the farms on factories send their goods mostly by lorry. Toby is always careful. The cars, buses and lorries often have accidents. Toby hasn't an accident for years. The buses are crowded and Henrietta is empty.

A lady and a stout gentleman stood on Toby's platform. He was of course The Fat Controller, but Toby didn't know this yet. "Come on, grandfather!" cried the children, "do look at this engine."

"That's a tram engine, Stephen" said The Fat Controller. "Is it electric?" asked Bridget.

"HOOSH!" hissed Toby "Shh shh!" said her brother, "You've offended him." "But trams are electric, aren't they?" "They are mostly but this is a steam tram." "May we go in it grandfather? Please!" "Stop!" said The Fat Controller to the guard. They all scrambled into Henrietta. "Hip hip hooray!" chanted Henrietta. But Toby did not sing. "Electric indeed, electric indeed!" he snorted. He was very hurt.

"What is your name?" asked The Fat Controller? "Toby, sir." "Thank you, Toby for a very nice ride." "Thank you, sir." said Toby. He felt better now. "This gentleman he thought, is a gentleman who knows how to speak to engines." The children came every day for a fortnight. Sometimes they rode with the guard, sometimes in empty trucks. On the last day of all the driver invited them into his cab.

All were sorry when they had to go away and The Fat Controller and his family thanked, everyone. "Come again soon." replied Toby. "We will we will!" called the children and they waved till Toby was out of sight.

The months passed. Toby had few trucks and fewer passengers. "Our last day Toby," said his driver, one morning, "the manager says we must close tomorrow."

That day, everyone wanted the chance of a last ride. The passengers joked and sang, but Toby and his driver wished they wouldn't.

"Goodbye Toby!" said the passengers afterwards. "We are sorry your line is closing down." So am I." said Toby. "Nobody wants me." Toby thought "And went unhappily to sleep."

Next morning the shed was flung open, and he woke with a start to see his driver waving a piece of paper. "Wake up, Toby!" They shouted, "and listen to this! It's a letter from the stout gentleman!" Toby listened then, but I mustn't tell you anymore, or I shall spoil the next story.

Thomas in Trouble

There's a line to a quarry at the end of Thomas's branch. It goes for some distance along the road. Thomas was always very careful to whistle here in case anyone was coming.

Early one morning a large policeman was sitting close to the line. Thomas liked policemen. He had been a great friend of the constable who'd just retired. "Peep peep!" he whistled, "good morning!" Thomas expected that the new constable would be friendly too, but was sorry to see that he didn't look friendly at all. He was red in the face and very cross.

"Disgraceful!" he spluttered. "I didn't sleep a wink last night, it was so quiet, and now engines come whistling suddenly behind me!" "I'm sorry, sir," said Thomas, "I only said good morning." The policeman pointed to Thomas. "Where's your cow catcher?" he asked. "But I don't catch cows." "Don't be funny" snapped the policeman. He looked at Thomas's wheels, "no side plates either." And he wrote in his notebook. "Engines going on public road must have their wheels covered and a cow catcher in front, to protect people and animals from being dragged under the wheels if they stray onto the line. You haven't so you are dangerous!"

"Rubbish!" said Thomas's driver. "We've been along here hundreds of times and never had an accident." "That makes it worse!" the policeman answered. He wrote regular law breaker in his book. Thomas puffed sadly away.

Fat Controller was having breakfast. He was eating toast and marmalade. The butler came in. "Excuse me, sir, you are wanted on the telephone." "Bother that telephone!" said The Fat Controller. "I'm sorry My dear," he said to his wife, "Thomas is in trouble with the police and I must go at once." At the station Thomas's driver told Fat Controller what had happened.

"Dangerous to the public indeed? We'll see about that."

The Fat Controller spoke to the policeman. But however much he argued with him it was no good "The law is the law," he said, "and we can't change it." The Fat Controller felt exhausted. "I'm sorry driver," he said, "it's no use arguing with policemen. We will have to make those cow catcher things for Thomas I suppose." "Everyone will laugh sir," said Thomas. "They'll say I look like a tram!"

The Fat Controller stirred, then he laughed "Well done, Thomas! Why did I think of it before? We want a tram engine! When I was on my holiday, I met a nice little engine called Toby. He take trucks from the farms, but the lorries are taking over most of his work and he needs a change. He has cow catchers and side plates. I'll write to his controller at once!"

A few days later Toby arrived. "That's a good engine," said The Fat Controller, "I see you brought your coach, Henrietta." "You don't mind Do you, sir?" asked Toby, "the station master wanted to use her as a henhouse, and that would never do." "No indeed," said The Fat Controller. "We couldn't allow that."

Toby made the silly trucks behave even better than Thomas did.

At first Thomas was jealous, but he was so pleased when Toby rang his Bell and frightened the policeman they've been firm friends ever since.

Dirty Objects

Toby and Henrietta are enjoying their new job on the Island of Sodor but they do look old fashioned and need new paint. James was very rude whenever he saw them. "Eurgh! What dirty objects!" he would say. At last Toby lost patience. "James," he asked, "why are you red?" "I am a splendid engine," answered James, "ready for anything. You would never see my paint dirty." "Oh," said Toby innocently, "that's why you once needed bootlaces, to be ready, I suppose." James went redder than ever and snorted off. It was such an insult to be reminded of the time a bootlace had been used to mend a hole in his coaches.

At the end of the line James left his coaches and got ready for his next train. It was a slow goods, stopping at every station to pick up and set down trucks. James hated slow goods trains. "Dirty trucks from dirty sidings! BLEGH!"

Starting with only a few, he picked up more and more trucks at each station. Till he had a long train.

At first the trucks behaved well, but James bumped them so crossly that they were determined to pay him back. Presently, they approached the top of Gordon's Hill. Heavy goods trains halted pinned down there. breaks. James had had an accident with trucks before and should have remembered this. "Wait James, wait!" said the driver but James wouldn't wait. He was too busy thinking what he would say to Toby when they next met.

The trucks' chance had come "Hurrah hurrah!" they laughed and banging their buffers they pushed him down the hill. "On on on! yelled the trucks. "I've got to stop. I've got to stop!" groaned James. Through the station they thundered. Disaster lay ahead.

Something sticky splashed all over James. He had run into two tar wagons and was black from smoke box to cab. He was more dirty than hurt but the tar wagons and some trucks were all to pieces.

Toby and Percy were sent to help and came as quickly as they could. "Look here, Percy" exclaimed Toby, "whatever is that dirty object?" "That's James. Didn't you know?" "It's James's shape," said Toby, "but James is a splendid red engine and you never see his paint dirty." James pretended he hadn't heard.

Toby and Percy cleared away the unhurt trucks and helped James home.

The Fat Controller met them. "Well done Percy and Toby." He turned to James "Fancy letting your trucks run away. I am surprised! You're not fit to be seen. You must be cleaned at once.

Toby shall have a new coat of paint." "Please, sir, can Henrietta have one too?" said Toby.

"Certainly Toby." "Oh, thank you, sir. She will be pleased." All James could do is watch Toby as he ran off. happily with the news.

Off The Rails

Gordon was resting in a siding. "Sometimes," he thought, "it's really tiring to be such a large and splendid engine. One does have to keep up appearances so."

"Hello fat face!" whistled Henry "What cheek!" spluttered Gordon, "that Henry is too big for his wheels, fancy speaking to me like that. Me was never had an accident!" "Aren't jammed whistles and burst safety valves accidents?" asked Percy innocently. "No indeed. High spirits. Might happen to any engine. But to come off the rails like Henry did, well, I ask you, Is it right? Is it decent?"

Then it was Henry's turn to take the Express. Gordon watched him getting ready. "Be careful, Henry. You're not pulling the Flying Kipper now. Mind you keep on the rails today!" Henry went off in a huff and Gordon yawned and went to sleep.

But not for long. "Wake up, Gordon," said his driver, "a special train's coming and we're to pull it!" "Is it coaches or trucks?" "Trucks." said his driver. "Trucks!" said Gordon, "Huh!"

Gordon's fire was slow to start, so Edward had to push Gordon to the turntable to get him facing the right way.

"I won't go I won't go." grumbled Gordon.

"Don't be silly. Don't be silly!" puffed Edward.

At last Gordon was on the turntable. The movement had shaken his fire it was now burning nicely and making steam.

Gordon was cross and didn't care what he did. He waited till the table was halfway round. "I'll show them, I'll show them" he hissed.

He moved slowly forward to jam the table but he couldn't stop himself and slithered into a ditch.

"Oooshhh!" he hissed, "Get me out! Get me out!"

"Not a hope." said his driver and fireman. "You're stuck, you silly, great engine. Don't you understand that?"

They telephoned The Fat Controller. "So Gordon didn't want to take the special train and ran into a ditch? What's that, you say? The specials waiting? Tell Edward to take it please. And Gordon? Oh leave him where he is. We haven't time to bother with him now." On the other side of the ditch some little boys were chattering, "Coo. Doesn't he look silly? They'll never get him out."

They began to sing "Silly old Gordon fell in a ditch, fell in a ditch, fell in a ditch. Silly old Gordon fell in a ditch, all on a Monday morning."

Gordon lay in the ditch all day. "Oh dear," He thought, "I shall never get out."

That evening they lifted Gordon and made a road of sleepers under his wheels to keep him from the mud. Strong ropes were fastened to his back end and James and Henry, pulling hard, managed to bring him to safety.

Late that night Gordon crawled home a sadder and wiser engine.

Down The Mine

One day Thomas was at the junction when Gordon shuffled in with some trucks.

"Phew!" remarked Thomas, "What a funny smell! Can you smell a smell?" "I can't smell a smell" said Annie "A funny musty sort of smell," said Thomas. "No one noticed it till you did," grunted Gordon, "it must be yours." Not long ago he had fallen into a dirty ditch. Thomas enjoyed teasing him about it.

"Annie, Clarabel, Do you know what I think it is? It's ditch water!" Before Gordon could answer, Thomas puffed away.

Annie and Clarabel could hardly believe their ears. "He's dreadfully rude. I feel quite ashamed. I feel quite ashamed. He's dreadfully rude." And to Thomas. They said, "You mustn't be rude, you make us ashamed!" but Thomas didn't care a bit.

"That was funny. That was funny." He chuckled. He felt very pleased with himself. Annie and Clarabel were deeply shocked. They had great respect for Gordon the big engine.

Thomas left the coaches at the station and went off to a mine for some trucks. Long ago, miners digging for lead has made tunnels under the ground. The roofs are strong enough to hold up trucks but not the weight of engines. A large notice warns them not to enter the area. 'Danger engines must not pass this board'.

Silly old board thought Thomas. He had often tried to pass it but it never succeeded. But this morning he had made a plan.

The fireman went to turn the points. "Now for my plan" thought Thomas bumping the trucks fiercely he jerked his driver off the footplate and followed them into the siding. "Come back!" yelled his driver.

"Fire and smoke!" said Thomas. "I'm sunk." And he was. "Oh, dear," he said, "I am a silly engine."

[O face sound]

"And a very naughty one too. I saw you!" said The Fat Controller. "Please get me out. I won't be naughty again." "I'm not sure. We can't lift you out with a crane. The grounds not firm enough. Hmm, let me see. I wonder if Gordon could pull you out?" "Yes sir," said Thomas, but he didn't want to meet Gordon just yet.

"Down the mine is he? Ha ha ha!" laughed Gordon, "What a joke!" "Poop poop little Thomas! We'll have you out a couple of puffs!" Strong cables were fastened between the two engines.

"Are you ready? HEAVE!"

It was a lot harder than they all thought, but at last Thomas was free. "I'm sorry. I was cheeky," said Thomas. "That's all right, Thomas. You made me laugh," replied Gordon. "I'm in disgrace."

"So am I," said Thomas "Why so you are, Thomas. Shall we form an alliance? You help me and I'll help you." "Right you are!" agreed Thomas. "Good. That's settled." rumbled Gordon and buffer to buffer the Allies puffed home.

Thomas' Christmas Party

It was Christmas on the Island of Sodor all the engines were working hard. Thomas and Toby were busy carrying people and parcels up and down the branch line.

Everyone was happy. Only the coaches Annie and Clarabel were complaining. "It's always the same before Christmas." they groaned, "we feel so full. We feel so full." "Oh, come on!" said Thomas, "where's your festive spirit? Christmas Day is almost here!"

By the side of the track was a lonely little cottage with a familiar figure waving to them. It's Mrs. Kindley whistled Thomas. "Peep peep! Happy Christmas!" Thomas always felt better for seeing her. "Christmas just wouldn't be Christmas without Mrs. Kindley."

When work was over, Thomas went to see the other engines. All their coats had been polished, "Hah!" said Gordon, "just look at us. Your driver will have to work fast to get you as smart as us!" "Never mind that, replied Thomas, "I've something important to say. Do you realise it's a whole year since Mrs. Kindley saved us from a nasty accident? You remember when she was in bed and-" "Yes of course!" interrupted Edward You told us how she waved her red dressing gown out of her window to warn you about a landslide ahead." "And you and Toby gave her presents," Percy joined in, "and Fat Controller sent her to Bournemouth to get better." "But," said James and Henry together, "the rest of us have never thanked her properly!" Exactly," said Thomas. So now I think we should all give her a special Christmas party."

Everyone was getting very excited, and the drivers felt sure that The Fat Controller would agree, as indeed he did. The engines were all busy making plans when silence fell. The Fat Controller had bad news

"The weather's changed badly. Mrs. Kindley snowed up. Toby says he will help to rescue her. You must help too Thomas. There's no party unless you do." Thomas hated snow but he said bravely, "I'll try, sir. We must rescue her. We must." "There's a good engine. You and Toby will manage splendidly!"

Thomas charged the snowdrifts fiercely. Sometimes he swept them aside. Sometimes they stuck fast and the men had to loosen them.

But at the cutting near the cottage, they could go no further. "Look at that!" exclaimed Thomas's fireman. "Peep peep peep! Here we are!" whistled Thomas. An answering wave came from an upstairs window. Then they had a familiar sound "That's Terence!" said Thomas, "he's come to help too." Sure enough, Terence had a snowplough and was working hard to clear a path to the railway line and safety.

At long last the rescue was complete. Percy took the tired workmen home. Terence said goodbye to Mrs. Kindley, and promised to take care of her cottage as he watched them all set off.

The engines made good time. No more snow had fallen but the yard was dark. Thomas's heart sank.

Suddenly, all the lights went on. What a marvellous sight awaited Mrs. Kindley. "Well done, said The Fat Controller. I'm really proud of you all." Mrs. Kindley especially thanked the smaller engines. "Thomas and Toby are old friends," she said, "and now Percy, you are my friend too." Percy was very pleased. "Three cheers for Mrs. Kindley!" he called "Peep peep peep!" they all whistled

"We wish you a Merry Christmas We wish you a Merry Christmas. We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

Thomas the Tank Engine and his friends thought it was the best Christmas ever. Mrs. Kindley could think of nowhere she would rather live than here with them on the Island of Sodor.